

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

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## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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Twelve squares, twelve months, 120.00

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Fourteen squares, three weeks, 35.00

Fourteen squares, six months, 70.00

Fourteen squares, nine months, 105.00

Fourteen squares, twelve months, 140.00

Fifteen squares, three weeks, 37.50

Fifteen squares, six months, 75.00

Fifteen squares, nine months, 112.50

Fifteen squares, twelve months, 150.00

Sixteen squares, three weeks, 40.00

Sixteen squares, six months, 80.00

Sixteen squares, nine months, 120.00

Sixteen squares, twelve months, 160.00

Seventeen squares, three weeks, 42.50

Seventeen squares, six months, 85.00

Seventeen squares, nine months, 127.50

Seventeen squares, twelve months, 170.00

Eighteen squares, three weeks, 45.00

Eighteen squares, six months, 90.00

Eighteen squares, nine months, 135.00

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Nineteen squares, three weeks, 47.50

Nineteen squares, six months, 95.00

Nineteen squares, nine months, 142.50

Nineteen squares, twelve months, 190.00

Twenty squares, three weeks, 50.00

Twenty squares, six months, 100.00

## Business Cards.

### ALBERT HOUSE.

Main Street, BARNESVILLE, OHIO.

THIS large Hotel, located in the center of town, is now open for the reception of guests. Three story brick building, through out with new furniture and carpet. Rooms large and comfortable. Accommodation first class and prices moderate. My old friends in Monroe County are invited to make this house their home when in Barnesville. sep12.

MARK ALBERT.

### STAMM HOUSE.

Water Street, between Monroe and Quincy, WHEELING, WEST VA.

HENRY STAMM, Proprietor.

THIS house has been recently rebuilt and furnished throughout, and the proprietor will spare no pains to make his guests comfortable. His table will be supplied with the best the market affords. sep12.

### NATIONAL HOTEL.

Main Street, Barnesville, Ohio.

R. E. FRASER, Proprietor.

At this House, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable. Backs leave the Hotel every morning for Woodfield. Carriages and drivers furnished at all times. sep24.

### THE MONROE COUNTY BANK.

(Successor to Allen & Miller & Co.) WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Loans Made and Negotiated.

Exchange, Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold.

Interest paid on Special Deposits.

Buy and sell Government and County Bonds, and all articles usually named.

BANKING HOURS FROM 9 A.M. TO 3 P.M. feb28.

### JASPER LINK.

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

MATAMORAS, WASHINGTON CO., O.

All business entrusted to me will be promptly attended to. Claims promptly collected. Jan. 23, 1868.

### MARBLE WORKS.

CHRISTIAN WELTY, Proprietor.

Wines, Brandies, Gins, Segars, &c.

AND DEALERS IN

Rye, Bourbon & Monongahela

WHISKY.

No. 126 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va. sep28.

### ROBT. PRATT & SON.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Window Glass & Looking Glass Plates

Agents for French Plate Glass.

Sash, Doors, Frames, Shutters, Liner, Plaster Parapet and Cement.

No. 61 Main street, Wheeling, West Va. apr30.

### C. D. KNOX & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Boots and Shoes,

45 Main street, Wheeling, W. Va. sep28.

### STURGEON, SHARP & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers,

and dealers in

FLOUR and PROVISIONS,

sep28. Bridgeport, Ohio.

### Administrators Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the un-

designed was, on the 15th day of Au-

gust, 1871, appointed Administrator of

the estate of George Barlow, deceased.

JOHN W. BARLOW.

## Poetry.

### IN THE FIRELIGHT.

BY AMELIA E. DALEY.

Brown little Ben at the fire-side stands,  
Patiently warming his half-frozen hands,  
Down the broad chimney the cold wind is sigh-  
ing.

Up the broad chimney the red sparks are fly-  
ing.  
Warming the kitchen from ceiling to floor;  
Melting the black frost away from the door,  
Brightly illuming the figure that stands,  
Thoughtfully warming his little brown hands.

Standing there, lost in a half-waking dream,  
What does Ben see in the firelight's gleam?  
Why is that smile on his dimpled mouth go-  
ing?

Why are his eyes in an instant so knowing?  
Why is the flash on his cheek deepened now?  
Why so determined his smooth, boyish brow?  
What does he think, as he silently stands,  
There in the firelight warming his hands?

Many a poet has dreamed the same dream,  
Thought the same thoughts in the firelight's gleam,  
Many a scholar and leader of earth,  
Stood, when a child, on a humble hearth.

Ben, the poor farmer's boy, reads in the flame;  
Promises of knowledge and power of fame;  
Saw a great future, as silent he stands,  
Patiently warming his brown little hands.

### Can You Afford It?

Can you afford to smoke and chew to-  
bacco, and spend money to buy food for  
a mouth, and injure your whole  
system, and thereby transmitting to  
your children a weakened constitution  
this making them prey to invasions?

Can you afford to burn out your nerve  
system and demoralize your whole  
character by the use of alcoholic li-  
quors?

Can you afford to indulge in habits of  
speculation, gambling, and other risky  
and mean modes of making money?

Can you afford to make money at the  
expense of your manhood, your morals,  
your health, your just respectability, and  
your integrity?

Can you afford to gain even the whole  
world's thereby make of yourself a  
moral wreck?

Can you afford, for the sake of mo-  
mentary amusement, to waste your youth-  
ful preparatory years, when, by study  
you should become a scholar, or by in-  
dustry either a tradesman or a useful ar-  
tisan?

Can you afford to rob your mind to  
clothe your back with silks and satins,  
and gratify a mere love for display?

Can you afford to be tricky, and there-  
by defraud your employer of the just  
services you owe him, even though you  
do not get your pay, thus making your-  
self a moral bankrupt?

Can you afford to be otherwise than  
upright, truthful, faithful, temperate,  
courteous, and in all respects correct?

### Do You Tell Your Mother.

A party of school girls were whisper-  
ing together in a corner of the school  
room, and as another of the number  
came in, they exclaimed:

"O, Jane, do come here! We have a  
secret to tell you; but you must promise  
not to tell it to anybody for the world."

"Well," said Jane, "I cannot hear  
it, for I never listen to anything that I  
cannot tell my mother."

"Noble girl! How much happier must  
she be than those who hide things from  
their mother, and do things they would  
blush to have known."

Girls, how many of you do as Jane  
did?

I once heard of a good man who said:  
"I never did anything that I was ashamed  
to tell my mother."

It is a great thing to be able to say  
that, and I fear there are a great many  
boys nowadays, who cannot say it. Can  
you, young reader? If you cannot, will  
you not make up your mind to live after  
this, so as to be able to say it?

Tell your mother everything, boys  
and girls, and never do or say anything  
that you would blush to have her know.

Two Yankees strolling in the  
woods, without any arms in their pos-  
session, observed a bear climbing a tree,  
with its paws clasped around the trunk.  
One of them ran forward and caught the  
bear's nose, one in each hand. He then  
called out to his comrade:

"Jonathan run home and bring me  
something to kill the varmint. Mind  
you don't stay or I'm in a fix."

Jonathan ran off but stayed a long  
time. During the interval the bear made  
several attempts to bite the hands of him  
who held it. At length Jonathan came  
back.

"Hello, what kept you so long?"

## EVA, THE MASON'S CHILD.

### CHAPTER I.

Faster and faster spread the flames,

And now the ship was enveloped in a  
fiery sheet. Men and women rushed  
madly over the side to meet a quicker  
but less painful death. The boats, with  
one exception, had been overladen and  
capsized. There were hasty prayers,  
and heart-rending cries of misery and  
distress. Death hovered, vulture like,  
over his victims; some supporting them-  
selves in the water by articles snatched  
hastily from the burning ship, and with  
which they had leaped wildly into the  
sea. The captain sang through his  
trumpet, "Take heart and sustain your-  
self as long as possible. A ship is com-  
ing to our relief."

James Durant stood upon the almost  
deserted deck with his only child, but  
four years of age; folded closely in his  
arms. His eyes swept the horizon in  
search of the ship to which the captain  
had alluded. He discovered it at last,  
but it was at least four miles off. Be-  
fore the ship could arrive, they must be  
burned to death; or, if he sprang, as  
the others had, down into the water, both  
he and the child would be drowned.

For he was not a swimmer.  
The little arms were twined about his  
neck the pale cheek rested confidently  
against his own, but the brave child did  
not tremble.

"O my God, is there no help?" cried  
the despairing father, as the flames swept  
nearer, and he felt that his present po-  
sition could be held but a little longer.

"Here, give the child to me, and I  
will save her," and turning quickly, Mr.  
Durant stood face to face with a stran-  
ger who had a life preserver in his hand.

"Quick! there is no time to be lost!  
The child can have my life preserver, and  
it will float her easily. Younder is  
another ship; I have been watching it  
for the last five minutes. It will reach  
us in half an hour at the most. There  
it is, fastened to the shore. Now, little  
girl, I am going to throw you into the  
water. You are not afraid?"

"No, no, but papa?"

The father caught her frantically in  
his arms.

"My darling Eva, you may never see  
your father again, but do not fear—God  
will guard you, and somebody will find  
you and care of you. If you can, see  
papa again, remember he is in heaven  
with mamma."

"Has she no relatives?" asked the  
stranger.

"None in this country; I am from  
England, and am travelling for her  
health."

"Take that pin from your bosom and  
fasten it to her clothing."

"Can you help me to do that?" asked  
the father; and in a moment the square  
and compass was glistening on the  
bosom of the child, and the stranger  
took her from her father's arms say-  
ing, "I am stronger than you; she must  
be cast beyond the reach of these poor  
drowning wretches, or they will rob her  
of her life preserver."

The wide disparity flattered through  
the air, and sank below the waves; then  
rising, it floated lightly on the water.

James turned to the stranger with  
tearful eyes.

"May God bless you and preserve  
you; noblest of men! But you, as well  
as myself, must be lost."

"No! I am a good swimmer and here  
is a piece of board with which you can  
sustain yourself until relief arrives."

The father cast another glance at the  
white speck floating rapidly away, and  
with an inward "God preserve her,"  
sprang into the sea followed by the  
stranger; but the two floated in differ-  
ent directions, and they saw each other  
no more.

Two hours later, James Durant awoke,  
as from the sleep of death, and found  
himself in the arms of a strange ship,  
with kind and sympathizing faces all  
around him, in a moment he realized all  
that passed, and said, eagerly, though  
feebly: "My child, little Eva, is she  
safe?" There was no response, and a  
low moan escaped the father's lips.

"Courage, sir," said a lady with tear-  
ful eyes, "some of the passengers were  
saved by another ship."

"God grant that she may be safe,"  
said Mr. Durant, recovered his usual  
strength in a few hours, and sought  
among the saved for the stranger who  
had proved himself so true a Masonic  
Brother, but he was not to be found.

"He must be on the other ship," said  
Mr. Durant, "and he will care for Eva."

But ships were at part, the following  
day, but although Mr. Durant found the  
stranger who had befriended him, and  
who proved to be a Mr. Wardsworth,  
from a southern city, Eva was seen by  
no one, and was given up as lost.

### CHAPTER II.

"Here, wife, is a child that has just  
been washed upon the beach. She is  
cold and stiff, but I think she is dead.  
Let us have some warm flannels  
immediately, and tell Thomas to run for  
Dr. Hunt."

"It was long before the quivering flesh  
and feeble fluttering of the heart  
gave token that success would crown  
the efforts of Eva's rescuers; but, by  
and by, the lids parted, and revealed  
two large, liquid, sky blue eyes, that  
wandered from face to face in a bewil-  
dered way, and then closed wearily."

"I fear she will not recover very rap-  
idly," said the doctor. "She has a deli-  
cate constitution, and will require the  
best of care."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Turner, "I  
do not wonder she is nearly dead; but  
who can she be? Some terrible acci-  
dent must have occurred at sea."

awoke to consciousness, and asked many  
questions as to where she was and how  
she came in the dark room, and who  
were those who attended her, but Dr.  
Hunt, forbore her being questioned  
until stronger.

How interested were all in the little  
conscientious, whom the element had  
cast into the little sea-bow to wa! The  
ladies declared that never before did a  
child possess such beautiful curls, while  
the gentlemen seemed no less interested,  
and brought her gifts of everything  
that might please her childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt  
when Eva was at length able to ride out,  
"will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child, "I thought you  
knew it."

"Yes, I know your name is Eva, but  
I want to know the rest of your name  
—your father's name."

"Eva Durant. Mr. Durant is my pa-  
pa."

"Yes, I want you to tell me all you  
can remember about your father and  
mother."

Eva's eyes filled with tears. Oh, sir,  
my mamma died and went to live with  
the angels. And I do not know where  
papa is. He said if I never saw him  
again I must know he never saw to mam-  
ma."

"Where were you when he told you  
this?"

"On the ship; and oh, the fire burned  
me so; and papa held me in his arm  
until a strange man took me and tied  
something under my arms and threw  
me into the water, and I have not seen  
papa since. O, sir can you tell me  
where he is?"

"No, dear child; but perhaps we may  
yet find him."

And this was all that Eva's new friend  
could discover. It was plain she had  
come from the ship which had been  
burned a few weeks before; that she  
had been cast upon the sea, and floated  
to the shore; but where was her father?  
Had he been saved, and was he search-  
ing for his child? Every possible effort  
was now made to find him.

The circumstances of the case, with the state-  
ment of the child, were published fully  
in the papers of the neighboring  
cities, but the grief-stricken father, leav-  
ing his child to be lost, had sailed a  
week before for Europe, and it soon be-  
came settled in the minds of Eva's pro-  
tectors, that he had perished. But the  
little one still prattled about her "papa,"  
and said he would come by and by, and  
those who believed differently would  
not pain her by contradiction.

The never-ending compass that had  
been found upon her clothing was re-  
garded as a powerful appeal from a Ma-  
son to his brethren to care for his child.  
So it came to pass that Eva became, as  
it were, the special charge of Hiram  
Lodge, No. 93. Mr. Turner would glad-  
ly have taken the entire care of the lit-  
tle waif, and the wealthy Senator W—  
requested to be allowed to adopt her as  
his daughter, but will leave our reader  
to imagine the joy of the fond father,  
and also leave them to decide whether  
the years that wet the cheeks of the  
Brethren of Hiram Lodge caused by  
sympathy with the happiness of their  
little charge, or grief that they should  
lose one whom they all loved.

### Early Tomatoes.

One of our exchanges thus tells how  
to get early tomatoes.

"The spring is now approaching, and  
we recommend to our lady readers to  
plant a few early tomato seeds in flower  
pots. They will bring on plants ready  
to set out in the open air after danger